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The Seed

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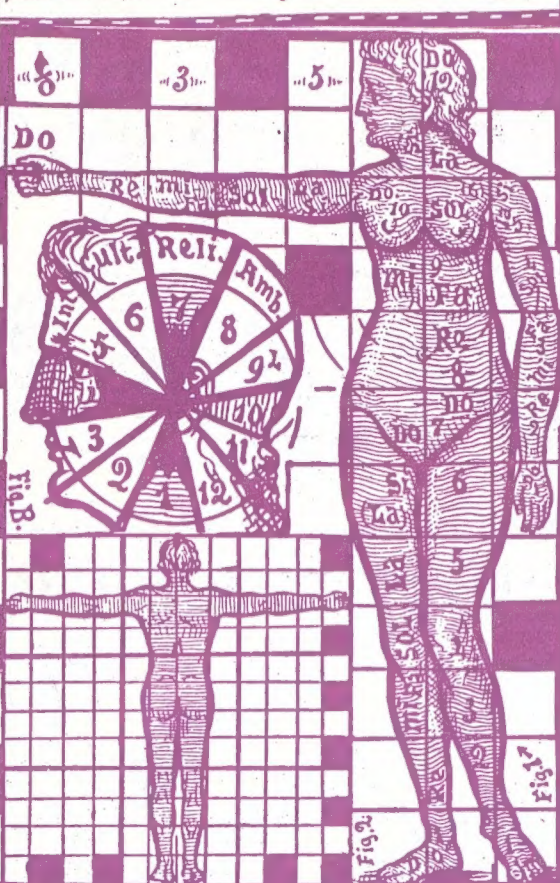
We sang this song all together

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FREE STORE: FUCKED UP OR FORWARD?

Strangers coexist into a family, reaches out to more distant relations and community is born. Out of a sense of who knows what frustrations, love and commitment, Chicago opened a free-store-crash pad. Cynthia took the lead, Old Town merchants and turned on people raised rent, food, and clothing--crashers ran the store. Leaders arose, personalities clashed, power struggles and hassles. People were turned off and chose the rain and the risk, for the unfree store was a mirror of the hassles outside. Gentle Thursday with a power play ended in Liberation. Provos liberated the free store and it was again sovereign soil. Out of the wreckage of stock and hopes little was salvaged, much was thrown out in the struggle. Out of the remnants of the crashers and the shreds of leaders a nucleus of community began to work out their joint commitment to the place, to each other, and to their brothers. The supportive people from outside responded to the new vibrations emanating from the new finally Free Store. Openness, warmth, and freedom replaced the ugly mirror of Chicago's paranoia. Utopia is not there and the struggle remains but the direction of that struggle is now toward freedom and response to men no longer self aimed and grasping. The Free Store needs clothing, toys, mattresses, blankets, 2by4's and lby12's for shelving, paint, sheet rock, 10penny nails, carpenters and free people. The Free Store can only give as much as is put into it. --provo/chicago

Twelve is the number of Construction in the Human Head and Body. Discov. 1868 and 1860.



THE SEED, NUMBER 12, a gift from all the cardinal points of our collective psyche; and the last issue of the year. Grown from a table in the back of the Molehole, gone through numerous financial and editorial crises, format changes, owners, etc. Circulation has quadrupled from the first issue. We have moved (once again) to larger quarters located at 1406 North Sedgwick; please note this change of address, come in and visit, work, sing. Write and tell us all about it, what you're in to, what you think of what we're in to. This is a communications game we're playing and we need feedback (you see it's an integral part of the sound/picture that shows that we're all one.) Hippie died, smothered in glossy four-color superficial double page layouts, in the ghost/gray TV tank, in all that yellow copy churned out by Establishment hacks. Hippie died but we're still here, the ones who were here all along but "underground" and those who were truly turned on by the Summer of Love before it turned into the Dog Days of Panhandling. We welcome/need news of the street scene, dope on dope, news and theory of communal living, news and reviews of the New Culture. We crave the sound of your drums, the colors of your dreams, the image of our faces mirrored in the eyes of yours, illumination of the dark corners of the maze that leads to the realization of THOU ART THAT. Peace on earth and good will towards all men.



HARDLY HUNGRY FREAKS, DADDY*

With the onset of winter many anticipate the extinction of the "hippie domesticus," a long-haired animal known to inhabit (and sometimes inhibit) many large U.S. metropolises. Caught barefoot by the bitter cold and snow, denied the delightful greenscape of the public park upon which to hold marathon "love-ins" and "be-ins", and wallowing in the mire of his own "crash pads," the hippie will soon drown in the waters of oblivion, his critics theorize. A favorite whipping boy of the U.S. public and news media, the hippie is turning to Angier's *How to Survive in the Woods* to see if he can somehow forage and hold his own in the face of inclement weather and hostile public opinion. Like the flowers he reveres so much, the hippie looks forward to the benevolent sunshine of spring and summer to make him bloom anew.

Nullifying the deafening catcalls of their critics, many "hard-core" hippies are "digging in" on the banks of their Walden Ponds wherever they may be. They see their tenacious grip on the flower life as a last ditch defense of human sensitivity and reasonableness, the moral Armageddon.

This is somewhat of an exaggeration. Though the "new utopians" (a term that applies adequately enough to a sizeable bloc of hippies) have a pristine, agrarian outlook which those around them have lost, the business of America remains business; for most of us there is little time to do our thing, to meditate on the cosmos the people around us, the delicate enigma of a fallen snowflake.

One important fact, however, seems to transcend all others. Whether the hippies are a "success" in the complacent, bourgeois sense of the word is really unimportant. They have served their purpose and will continue doing the same. They have reminded John Doe that he has "gained the world and lost his soul." In *America and Americans* John Steinbeck writes: "Americans today are surrounded by things," things which serve only to whet an appetite for more things. Renouncing our insatiable desire for things, the hippie ideally has awakened national conscience. He is pointing out that our cities have degenerated to the degree where copies of *How to Survive in the Woods* could also be helpful to frightened members of the "other society" who dare not walk their own streets after dark. He is pointing out that advances in the fields of neighborliness and love have not accompanied our impressive strides in biophysics and avionics.

It is the violent ring of the alarm clock which has greeted the rising sleeper. America has gotten the message, but, accustomed to television lives where the undesirable may be aborted by the turn of a dial, it has changed channels, hoping the hippie movement will die, go away, or develop an allergy.

With the wisdom offered by perspective the future will surely recognize the hapless hippies as a significant social movement, a needed warning light to those self-satisfied who consider themselves beyond warning.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL THE MR. JONES WHO HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT'S HAPPENING.

*The Mothers of Invention have an excellent li-song entitled "Hungry Freaks, Daddy," which can very succinctly tell Jones the drift of things, pointing out the winds of change that may eventually blow his mind. Rest assured the freaks "won't go away!"

Pete Kostakis

The Bridge has their fifth issue pasted up and ready for the printer. One problem: they are \$150 short on the printing bill and have exhausted all financial contacts. Help the revolution; support the underground press. Send donations to The Bridge, 1918 North Dayton, or call 525-3895.

1984

Dick Criley

Prevailing views of the First Amendment measure the legitimacy of dissent by the criterion of whether it helps or hinders the Marines in Con Thien. Freedom of the press is merely advantageous to the "underground newspaper system" whose goal is being interpreted as "a revolution of some kind." This sinister plot voiced by Congressman Joe Pool is likewise descriptive of national policy in Vietnam. Administrative spokesmen no longer emphasize justification of the U.S. invasion as a "defense of democracy in South Vietnam." Instead, their emphasis is upon the necessity of defense against world-wide 'communist aggression'. While it is contradictory to repress democratic rights at home for sake of a 'war for democracy' abroad, a foreign crusade 'against communism' logically calls for stern measures against domestic 'reds'.

Upon this premise, subject to the propaganda exposure of semantic games, Senator Dirksen is attempting to revive the Subversive Activities Control Board from its burial by the U.S. Supreme Court. In 1950 this heresy hunting tribunal was vetoed by President Truman with the prophecy that it "would put the Government of the United States in the thought control business..." (and) give Government officials vast powers to harass all of our citizens in the exercise of their right of free speech." Like Pool, the Senate minority leader is unconcerned with First Amendment freedoms. "The time for fooling is past," he declaimed. "We have 475,000 youngsters and oldsters out in Vietnam. What you think they think when they read about these things going on in the Senate--- people trying to stop the Subversive Activities Control Board from doing its work? What does the Senate think the North Vietnamese and Vietcong are composed of? If they are not red? Are we going to....let them run loose here in this country, or are we going to come to grips with them?" (N.Y. Times, 1--12--67). Is Congressman Joe Pool exemplary of 'coming to grips with the invisible them' by forcing the dissolution of the SDS chapter at Southern Methodist University, getting NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND banned from the campus, and evicting the Dallas Draft Information Center from its office?

In terms of legislation the heresy hunters are not fooling. The twin bills to put the Subversive Activities Control Board back in business have passed both the House and Senate. If the measure survives the second round of votes after the differences between the bills have been resolved by a joint conference committee, many peace, civil rights, youth and student organizations may find themselves in political trials to determine if they are 'Communist fronts' or 'Communist infiltrated'. Organizations found by the SACB to be in a prescribed category will be required to label (inside and outside) all mailings to more than three persons "disseminated by a Communist organization". Members will face an economic blacklist at home, and will be forbidden to travel abroad.

Awaiting action by the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Cramer "anti-riot" bill (H.R. 421) seeks to punish the crossing of state lines or the interstate use of the mails with 'intent' to incite, promote or encourage a 'riot', defined as a disturbance involving three or more persons.

When these national efforts to suppress dissent are added to the multiple violations of constitutional rights by local authorities, it merely strengthens the police state. Fortunately, these bills have not yet become laws. They have not passed the tests of constitutionality before the courts, and resistance is mounting. Unlike the McCarthy era and earlier periods of repressions, the outcome has greater proportions. If the right to dissent is crushed, there will remain no force on earth capable of restraining the finger on the nuclear button. Whatever the differences between the new left and the old, radicals and liberals, religious and free-thinkers, black and white, we have a compelling necessity to unite our efforts in the defense of constitutional rights which insure the very existence of diversification. "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it."....Abraham Lincoln

DECEMBER 4th CHICAGO THE RESISTANCE

At a resistance church service at Grace Lutheran Church seven seminarians and clergymen turned in their draft cards. At the Federal building at 2:00 p.m. 350 demonstrators gathered. Four young men under 18 submitted statements saying they would not register, a delinquency notice resultant from October return of draft cards was burned by Kevin Verland, and a draft card was burned with ceremony by one Willie Belzner. BURN, Black Union for Resistance Now, was announced esistent by Maurice Thomas. Thirty-six cards were handed in; admittance to the Federal Building was denied but the cards and statements were passed on to Attorney-General Ramsey Clark in a big brown envelope. There are 54 Chicago resisters in process of trial at this moment. Dennis Riordan, who asked for a continuance, has received absurd treatment from Judge Hoffman. He has been made to appear in court five times in the last two weeks. His final trial is at ten o'clock Thursday, at Judge Hoffman's circus, 23rd floor of the Federal Building. Danny Fallon goes on trial on the 18th of December. He is pleading Nuremberg, U.S. Constitution, and all sorts of things. His trial and appeal process will probably last for years. Fred Avilez is arguing against the draft by citing the U.N. Charter. Jeremy Mott, accused of leaving alternative service last summer, is up on trial December 27. (Judge Parson wants to let him go home for Christmas. RESIST!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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the garment district

WHAT'S CHEETAH?

IDIRAW IIT.

They used to whisper, "Past, soldier! Dirty pictures?" But times have changed. Just as likely now, that long-haired kid hanging around the European train station or soldier's bar is offering a better deal - Freedom. "Hey man, FTA (Fuck the Army), take one of these." That's the new hustle.

An elusive cobweb army of hippies, Provos, new lefties, and some GIs themselves, spread the word. In all the places the soldier rests - Paris, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Frankfurt - they are there. The number is growing.

"Who wants to march? That's worn out. That's for church people and pacifists. The police give you the permit."

"Too many hip guys getting drafted. Too many black guys who fought the national guard. Do some thing real - help them get out, and make an example. The army equipped with the best weapons science can devise is still only as good as its morale. Our job is to demoralize the army."

The argument threads through Student Unions, passes between beer drinkers inside walk cafes, and finds its way to the fermenting minds of young members of workers' clubs.

In Germany, where the organization is bad, the German Socialist Student Organization begins to move. France improves its system for smuggling guys into the country and getting them work papers. Sweden takes more. The army guides young men to the hygienic whoredom of Amsterdam, while the Dutch movement searches among them for the right man to make the legal test case for asylum. England prints leaflets, and the international floaters smuggle them to the continent. The troops won't even be safe in relaxed Italy anymore; this summer themovement spread.

The international underground resources:

thousands of quick minds, incredible mazes of contacts, and a few dollars; versus: the 70 billion dollar American defense machine, with its twenty-five years of coarsening, drumbeating propaganda.

The Europeans know that the fight's unequal; it's always been unequal. But it must be made because freedom in Europe can only be achieved when the American control over the politics and economic life of the western half of the continent comes to an end. The Provos proclaim this as clearly as the orthodox Marxists. To promote desertion isn't just to save one man from going to Vietnam and killing Vietnamese because his wife and kid are waiting for him back home, not is it because the fight waged by the Vietnamese with their vastly inferior resources has the quality to inspire sympathy and work for their cause. The struggle against the American war is part of the struggle to regain control of each country's life and culture.

The agents of the American government have already penetrated the movement in Europe. But those who went through the many political confrontations of the last year think, "what the hell... Maybe the cops who infiltrate our ranks can be turned on to life; maybe we can recognize and fool them; maybe we'll reorganize in such a decentralized way their conspiratorial minds can never figure out how to bust us wide open."

So the people in the once-secure NATO countries begin to declare independence from their "American protectors." A new sign can be found chalked on walls: "U.S.A. - S.S." The symbol that along with the desertion movement has sprung to life

a desire to be free from American barbarism which finds its clearest expression in Vietnam, and which, is equated with deeds of the Nazis



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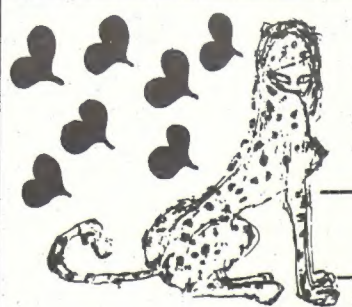
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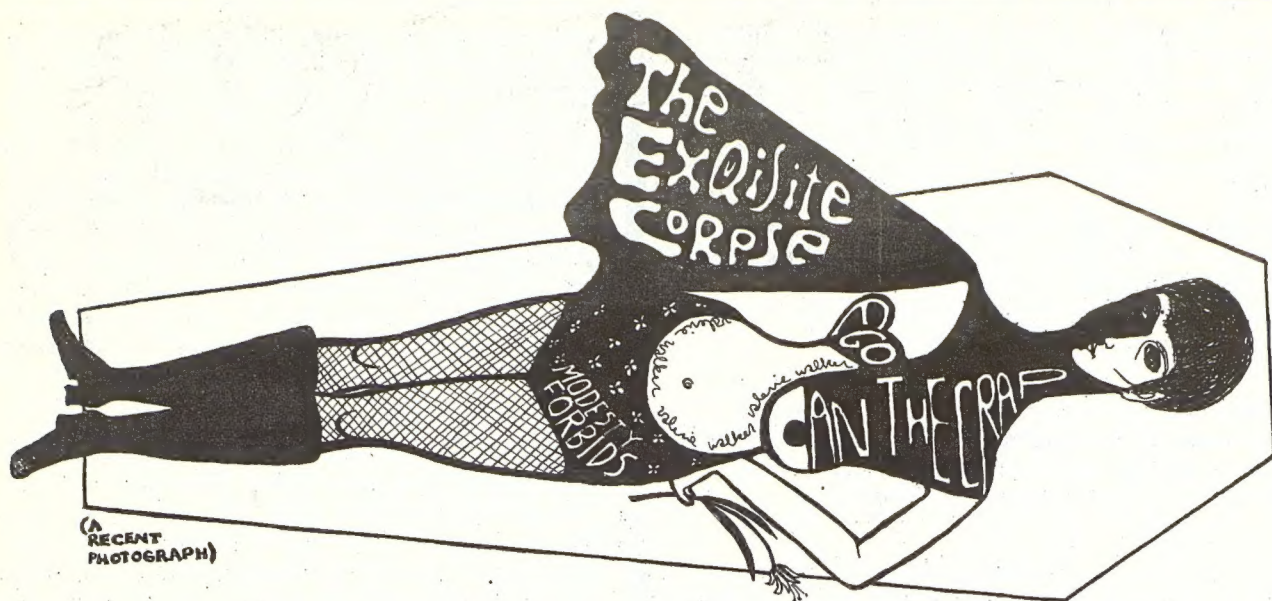
NEIL DIAMOND &

H. P. LOVECRAFT

DEC. 15 & 16

DEC. 27, 28, 29
 AND NEW YEAR'S EVE: BABY HUEY

AND LOTS MORE



(A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH)

RULES

1. The only sandman cannot stop accidental trouble.
2. The rotten artist would make ample theatre.
3. The mad nation must hold ripe fortune.
4. The aggressive bird wanders through international love.
5. The profound technology carried complicated madness.

(NOTE: The above rules do not apply to innocent bystanders.)

-The Management

BIG CONTEST

The exquisite Corpse is running a contest in order to dispose of the Wendy Ward six-week modeling course she won in the Flower Power Princess Contest at Cheetah Oct. 6. The course will be awarded to the writer of the best letter on the subject "I Am So Super Cool That I Don't Need Your Crummy Modeling Course."

Entries should be postmarked no later than midnight December 21, and the winning letter will be published in this column, space permitting. Address all letters to "The Exquisite Corpse's Suzy Creamcheese Talent Hunt," c/o The Seed. Obscene and threatening letters will not be considered, but will be framed and displayed at the Seed offices on some future date if they show any literary merit. Financial contributions will be gratefully accepted.

* * * * *

I'm tired. The medium has not only massaged my brains into soup, it's done in my whole body too. Nervous rashes when I read the news. I am in something's bloodstream, punching holes in its chromosomes oh boy.

OOOOH YAAAAAHHH RRGH MMMMM
(and that's what reading EVO does)

HEEEEEAAAAHHH WOW

Static Static Static

am i really reaching you

am i really

or are you just like everyone else i know

ZIP

(you see i can jump on a band wagon as well as anybody)

Nonverbal communications can become tiresome, as witness the above. But there's something going on, and I'm not at all into it, and if I don't try once in a while I lose empathy or even sympathy with those who are.

The 38 year-old pipesmoking writer who calls his typewriter "she" and his wife "it" and hangs at O'Rourke's?

The Yoga-Tarot-Eight Mile High mystic balancing tiptoe on the needle's point and juggling roses, daisies, and daffodils?

Black Power? Draft resistance? Drugs? The Grand Put-On? Laughter? Suicide? Babies? Oh, where am I in the middle of all paranoid this? Incoherence of the incoherence -- am I doomed to spend my days with TIME The Weekly News Magazine?

I am twentynine multicolored polygonal incredible years old and still asking the adolescent Question. Love, love, love, says the postman. Smile say the letters. Are you too rich to be happy? Find Satori, says Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. Tell me where it's at, writes Casey, and disappears when I write back that I don't know. Like everyone else, I'm too young to be this old, and too old to act like this. Spiritual acne. How gross...how human.

Are you getting any of this? There is a human being behind this page...why in hell don't YOU smile?

Oh, Gentle Reader, be gentle. I hear death at the door.

(end)

Cherry Orchard in full Bloom -Darel Hale

After seventeen or eighteen viewings of Cherry Orchard chopping downs, by professionals and amateurs, I approached the Second City Repertory Company's production at the Harper Theater with the sincere belief that never again could the old trapeled Checkovian real estate bear fruit. But Mr. Sills and his more than dedicated players have worked a kind of clumsy magic and discovered an obvious but too long kept secret. The Cherry Orchard is a Comedy! This may not be big news to most of us but it is a fact too often missed by the "arty" producer or director.

From my regrettably perfunctory research into the Sills-Game Theater, there seems to be a madness in the method. Time cures madness of this nature. There must be some merit to the system, because it seems to work a good deal of the time.

There are several in the cast who should be singled out. Donna Holabird, a lovely lady to watch, is endowed with the physical charms and mannerisms of a Kim Stanley. Fortunately, she's uses them well and adds much of her own. Joyce Hiller is somber and touching as Varya and gives a most believable performance. She lacks only the passion which the Checkov lines indicate.

In a role as difficult and demanding as Lopakhin, an actor of endurance, imagination and great personal charm is required. Byrne Piven makes a decent showing in all three categories. At least most of the time, which is more than enough to acquit himself admirably.

Tom Erhart's Gayev seems to be the most carefully thought out role in the production. He is effortlessly acceptable as the great hearted, well meaning, speech making, ineffectual brother.

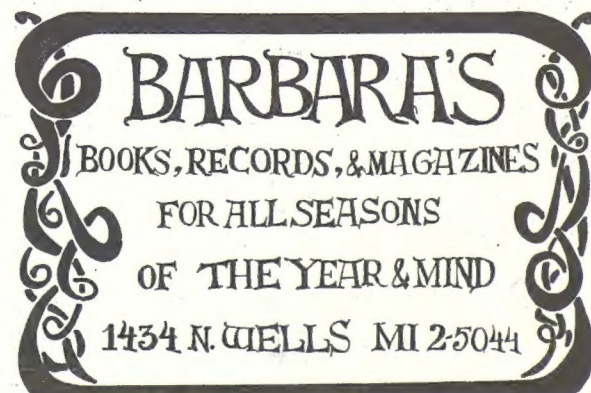
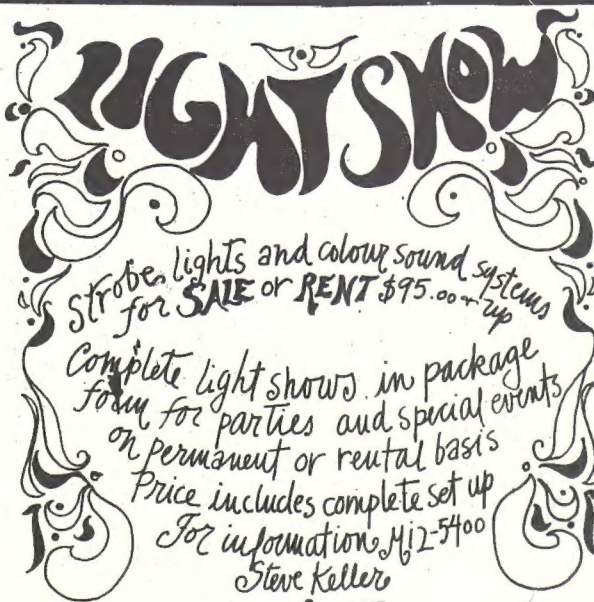
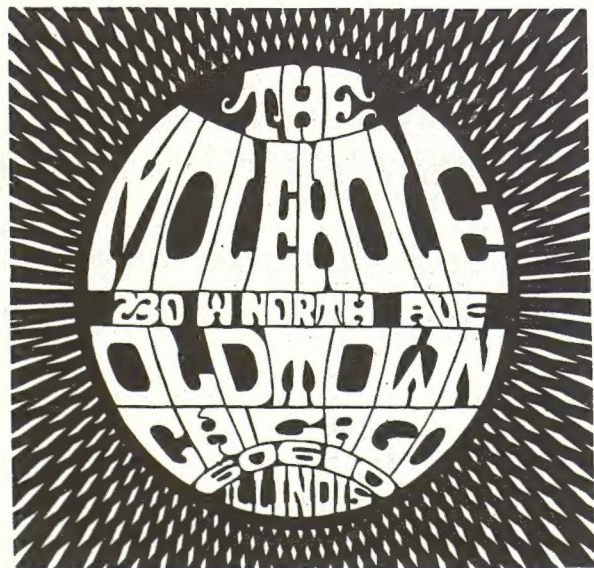
For Beatrice Fredman as Charlotta, only one criticism. She is selfish in not sharing her secret with the rest of the cast. Somewhere or other she contracted the germ of the Checkovian Comique and delightfully infected her performance with it. It made the difference between a good performance and an exciting experience. A F*L*O*W*E*R for Miss Fredman.

Every evening in the theater should be blessed. It may be only a warm smile, or a little pang in the upper thorax.

Herb O'Brien, a remarkably tall young man of not too many summers, in the guise of Firs, an old servant of innumerable winters, managed with an expertise beyond his seeming experience to evoke warm smiles of affection and sincere tears of sympathy and regret from the most hard hearted of us. Thank you for those moments, Mr. O'Brien.

I have never met Mr. Sills. I have seen his work. As a director, I am not in agreement with his methods. As a member of his audience, I approve of his results.

A company like the Second City Rep Company needs careful nurturing if we who love and need theater are ever to enjoy the full ripened fruit of their labors. There are, to be sure, weeds to be pulled if the group is to grow. The company needs and will use, I feel sure, help. If theater is your bag, get in touch and pitch in. There is much work to be done, and the rewards are great.





Lisa Bieberman's Psychedelic Information Center Bulletin Number 15 is a comprehensive summary of studies made to date on chromosomal damage or damage to offspring due to dropping acid during pregnancy. She concludes that birth defects may be caused by tripping during critical stages of pregnancy but that the question of chromosomal damage is open and its effects, if any, undetermined. The bulletin will be mailed to you upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope by P.I.C., 26 Boylston St. # 3, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

THE SEED NEEDS DISTRIBUTION REPRESENTATIVES. IF THE SEED IS NOT AVAILABLE ON YOUR CAMPUS OR IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BOOKSTORES, CONSIDER BECOMING A SEED DISTRIBUTOR. HELP GET THE WORD OUT AND PICK UP A LITTLE EXTRA BREAD. WRITE COLIN c/o THE SEED OR CALL (312) 337-4534.

December 15 is/was the 167th anniversary of the signing of the Bill of Rights. The Bill of Rights is in far too many cases the only thing keeping the power/structure freaks from coming down on us. The people who framed them up were clearsighted cynics who knew that a list of basic freedoms strongly guaranteed was imperative. Remember that we still have them; support groups such as the ACLU who keep an eye out for us.

Loving Spoonful Steve Boone and ex-member Zal Yanovsky who set-up alleged purveyor of Marijuana Bill Youghborough have now testified that the nark involved in the case lied in court. evo

Big city uptightness getting you down? Thinking about a return to NATURE? A free catalog of farms for sale is available from United Farm Agency, 612 West 47th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64112.

The Chicago City Players Touring Theatre, under the direction of June Pyskacek, has available now a repertory of plays for performance in churches, clubs, schools and private homes. Three of the plays in the repertory, THE SUCCESSFUL LIFE OF 3 by Maria Irene Fornes, CALM DOWN MOTHER by Megan Terry, and LUNCHTIME by Leonard Melfi, will be in production at Baird Hall Theatre weekends January 19 through February 25.

Included in the repertory are THE QUESTION by John Hawkes, HOW LIKE A GOD directed by Bill Hildreth, IT'S ALMOST LIKE BEING by Jean-Claude van Itallie, and SAILS AND SINKERS by Chicagoan Ronald Fair.

For bookings and further information, phone Mrs. Pyskacek at MO 4-6577 or the Community Arts Foundation at 525-0430.

National Guardsmen looted the Army of \$2200 worth of guns, bayonets, gas masks, packs, and other such items during the July Detroit insurrection.

The Teen Theatre Workshop, a program of the Community Arts Foundation, will resume under the direction of June Pyskacek with a new workshop beginning immediately on Tuesdays from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sessions will be held once a week through the spring of 1968.

A play with music will be developed in the

workshop and will be performed at the conclusion of the sessions. All persons ages 13 to 18 interested in this program should apply at once by calling 525-0430 or MO 4-6577. Cost of the workshop is \$2 per class.

Helix, Seattle's free paper, sends us a lovely 17th issue with a four color cover of Butterfly-woman and the Flowers--reports burgeoning circulation despite police harassment.

Provo activities including the blocking of traffic and the painting of limousines with blood and other substances accompanied a demonstration in New York in front of the hotel where a dinner for the Foreign Policy Association. The dinner featured a speech by Dean Rusk; the FPA boasts such members as Henry Ford II, Allen Dulles, Charles Engelhard, and other prominent money/power freaks.

PAPERBAG makes a strong bid to become the ESQUIRE of the underground. CHEETAH is bought sensational slickness; UNDERGROUND DIGEST a poorly done compilation of lifted UPS material put together to sell cigarettes; EVERGREEN sold out long ago; and AVANTE GARDE, while handsomely done, is too expensive for anyone I know and smacks of the EROS/FACT syndrome. PAPERBAG is edited by Lou Kimzey and lists such contributing talents as Lawrence Lipton and Paul Krassner. It features good graphics, honest writing, and a noteworthy lack of the "hipper-than-thou" attitude. The first issue relied a little too heavily on reprints but they promise more original material in the future.

The Unicorn Book Shop has issued HARK, HARK, THE NARK, as its Unicorn Pamphlet No. 2. Subtitled "California Narcotics Laws and Criminal Procedure", the book was prepared by the law firm of Sammon & Hornor in Santa Barbara, Calif.; and copies are available in bulk for postage costs from Unicorn Book Shop, 905 Embarcadero Del Norte, Goleta, California 93017. The purpose of the booklet is to inform those persons who would ordinarily have little knowledge of criminal procedure of what could go down in the event of a bust. The Seed would be into doing a similar pamphlet covering Illinois laws and criminal procedure, possibly to include curfew violations, if any lawyers out there were willing to contribute the necessary research and writing, the pamphlet to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Museum of Science and Industry reports record for attendance in single day (Sun., Dec. 3) when 49,362 visitors crowded thru its doors. Big attraction of the day was the program portraying how Christmas is celebrated in Poland.

Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanaugh has been elected the first "Uptight Honkie of the Month" by People Against Racism, a Detroit group, for his statements on the use of the military to quell "racial disturbances." F.E.

Newly-elected black mayor of Cleveland, Carl Stokes, says of LBJ, "I support him on Vietnam. You must do that which must be done; namely, defend our security." We wonder which "our" he's using there. F.E.

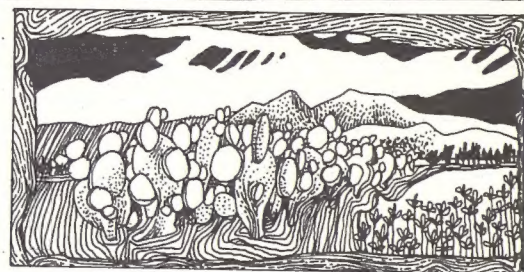
Mod Love is a trip--a beautifully drawn and printed comic book with mushy story lines and colors that blow your mind and a full page ad for a reducing formula that is never revealed.

Their Satanic Majesties Request that we sing this song all together (like whistling in the dark?)/fantastic packaging and production to match the music mark the entry of the Stones into the Sgt. Pepper era...on London///The Doors' second LP for Elektra is a string of well-done very tight one act plays...Morrisey's controlled hysteria as effective as ever...We want the world and we want it...now...now...NOW!!!//Electric Flag single Groovin' is Easy on Columbia not particularly heavy lyrics but wow what a sound; arrangement an extension of things introduced on the sound track from The Trip...swing hard, with brass///Country Joe and the Fish Feel-Like-I'm-Fixing-to-Die on Vanguard...lots of vocals. same good guitar work as on their first album...whats this with all the funny costumes and pointed hats everybodys going in for these days///The Electric Prunes have done a Mass in F minor...I dunno...good listening but something's a little strained and almost gimmicky about it all, though the Prunes are good musicians///Maharishi Mahester has entered the field so revolutionized by his pupils hear all about Transcendental Meditation from the Master himself.

"Sometimes, when a person's house is on fire and someone comes in yelling fire, instead of the person who is awakened by the yell being thankful, he makes the mistake of charging the one who awakened him with having set the fire." ---Malcolm X

It's getting hard to keep up with the Underground Press; the current U.P.S. list numbers over fifty member papers and who knows how many more are as yet unaffiliated? Some of these last are Middle Earth from Iowa City, The Western Activist from Kalamazoo, and the Solid Muldoon from Denver. And they said it couldn't happen here...

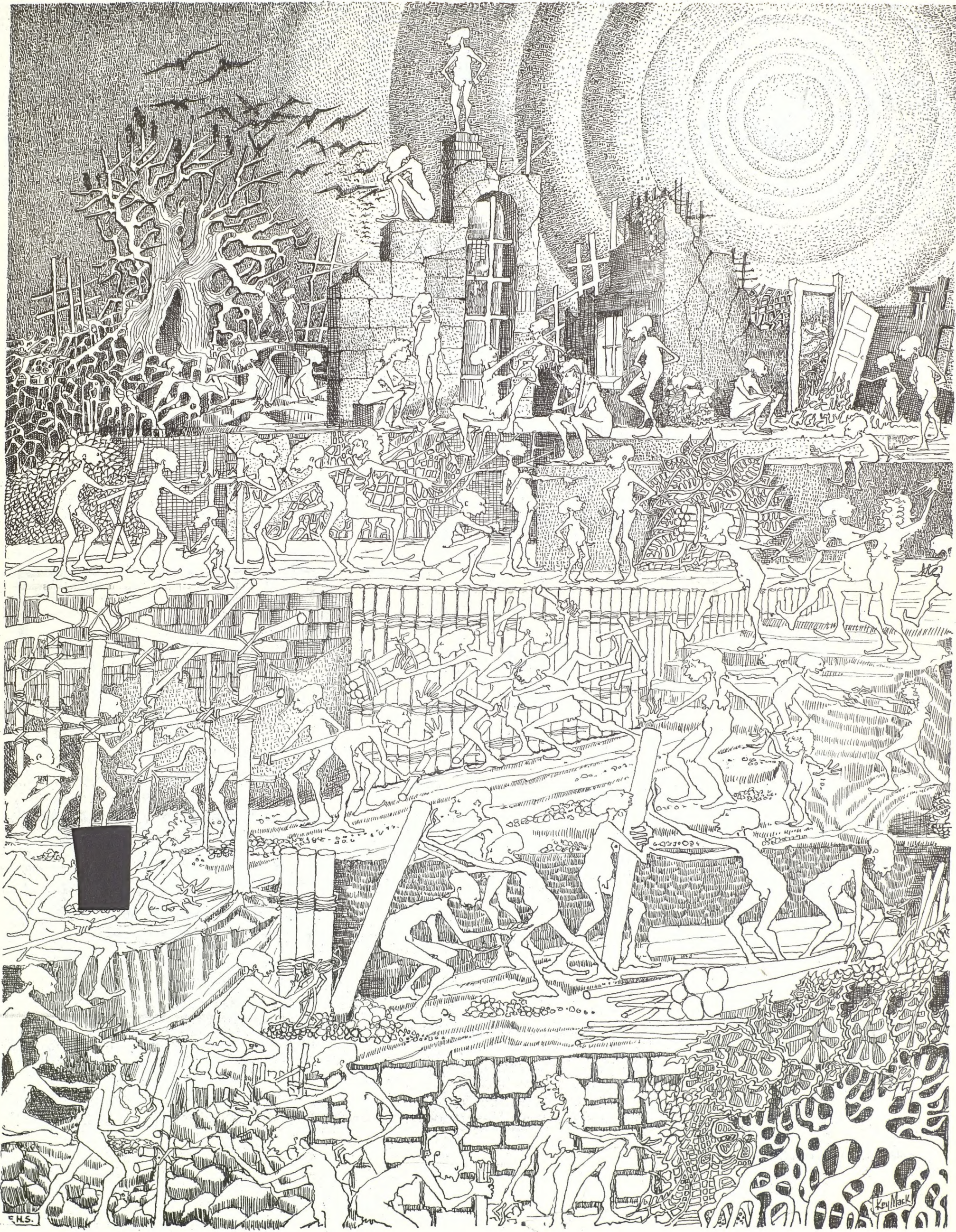
Open Process from San Francisco State College stirred up the campus so much that it was suspended--demonstrations protesting the suspension resulted in police brutality and destruction of property.



John Wilcock's Other Scenes continues to be an entertaining and informative piece of mail--the latest a special on Greece and the effects on the people of the countryside of the new regime--printed on the back side of a poster depicting a Greek freedom fighter circa 1920's (?). 20 unscheduled mailings a year from John Wilcock, Box 8, Village Post Office, New York 14 New York, for \$7.00. Mailed from wherever Wilcock is; he promises to visit "four world capitals a year".

Kaleidoscope from Milwaukee has been the recent target of police harassment evidently aimed at making it either illegal or too expensive to print. Street vendors have been busted and pressure applied to some newstands carrying the paper; the Indianhead, a local poster shop was busted for selling obscene posters after running an ad in Kaleidoscope depicting a series of love posters. The paper and the poster shop both need money to help defray their legal costs; contributions may be sent to Defense, c/o Kaleidoscope, P.O. Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211.

"The next time you look at something, try looking at the center."--Mr. Natural





THE BEATLES: MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
CAPITOL SMAL 2835

This is a fine LP, whether it is roundly accepted as such or not. The Beatles have set very high standards for themselves, and you probably expect to get your mind blown everytime they release a new record, which is what did happen the last three times. This one will serve to remind you that the Beatles are as human as the rest of us, even if ten times more skillful and aware.

There are five new tunes on this LP and the rest are old singles ranging in time from "Strawberry Fields" to "I am a Walrus". The five new cuts do not offer anything above and beyond "Sgt. Pepper", except maybe some advances in electronic sound usage.

So if the Beatles maintain their previous high standards without extending them, are you entitled to a bitch? Would you be unimpressed if some unknown group came out with a record like this one? A fantastic prowess bag gets you into the auto industry bag where this years car has to make everything made before look paltry and trivial. This kind of thing is a drag anywhere, but particularly insidious when it creeps into the arts. Enjoy the uniformly fine sound of The Beatles, and wait awhile (it probably won't be all that long) for further developments.

Their skill and craftsmanship are still very much in evidence in the musicianship and arranging of these cuts. And, their lyrical ear for veiled signs of the times is intact and growing.

The "Mystery Tour" itself illustrates the Beatles continued cheerfulness and good-humor and their knack for making everything appear to be a light child's game for unfucked-up Salinger-like kids to play. Sometimes I wonder how they can always present the acid-drug thing as pleasant fairy-story stuff, didn't anyone ever get heavy, go on a bummer, get scared, paranoid? However, they handle it all so aptly that they become a supersonic fun band that only a grouch would put down.

But, with other groups getting heavier and heavier, one wonders how long they can hold their high position against the ever-increasing power of the field (just this week, strong advances by the Airplane and the Stones). What mitigates is the nagging suspicion that The Beatles are really talking to us from way over on the other side, where hassles really are silly. They have so damned much ASSURANCE that you just can't argue.

They had best guard against overdoing some of the fun stuff that they do so well. The parade-car-nival thing (title tune here) and the nostalgia riff (Mother Should Know) (that damn bup-bup-bup-rhythm thing) don't need to be trotted out more than once every four years, these devices are in themselves worth something only as skillfully placed effects, and don't be needing these effects too often, either.

"Flying" was heavy in parts and perhaps could have been totally so, but is marred by that la-la-la shit in the middle and the nice strings and the electronic quaver and woodwind aren't needed and are becoming overused devices.

They are getting into the electronic thing more, and the drones and muted zooms are used to pretty good effect in "Blue Jay Way", which reminds me of Donovan's tunes, for some reason. The "Don't Belong" phrase at the end of the tune allows you to go back and fit three more meanings over the tune.

They enhance every tune by weaving at least one good musical effect into and through each tune (viz., the piano going out on the title cut).

The six single sides--your ears ought to be able to decide whether or not you want to own this bagful, since even radio will play the Beatles.

Packaging the expanded LP is here, I guess, featuring art work, story books (like this one), expensive photographs (also here), games and what-will-they-think-of next. The price is expanded too, of course. It is worth it when fine non-musical talents get showcased working in collaboration with rock bands. It could be poor if they begin slapping in back work merely to earn that extra dollar. Let's hope that this doesn't become a gimmick.

THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: AFTER BATHING
AT BAXTERS
RCA VICTOR LFO 1511

The Airplane comes on heavy and strong here enough, I hope, to convince doubters that they deserve to be ranked as one of the very best of the San Francisco groups. I realize that there were lots of excellent records released since "Surrealistic Pillow", but why did this cause people to assume that the Airplane was pretty well spent in terms of musical potential? The seeds were always there, and some of them were already blooming in their first album.

The best way to get into the Airplane is to view them as A SOUND. A sound of many well-blended components. Basically, they're into the SF "wall of sound" thing, but their wall already seems to have four dimensions maybe more. The wall is taking on more and more of a middle-eastern character; a quite deep bass tone which artfully sustains its notes, a heavy drum rhythm patterns with obvious syncopations, a sliding and stinging guitar lead, and Gracie's strong quavering vocal style. Perhaps their very incantatory sound also suggests the Arabic thing (they have always been spell-binding and trip-weaving), and the flute is well employed, but they have amplified their sound into a powerfully wailing wave that pulls you into its vortex. Glittering hearty strength and assurance. Listen to "Watch Her Ride" start out like an older Airplane tune and build into another example of their now easily-held power. Hear the middle-east flash strongly in "Rejoyce", "Wild Tyme", and "Two Heads". Hear everyone going full force on "Young Girl's Sunday Blues".

I've always thought that this group came up with some of the best lyrics of anyone, and they have an excellent bagful here, almost every tune is saying something strong and beautiful, you can only pick out tunes that you particularly like. "Rejoyce" is a masterful blend of Joyce and Gracie

and Molly Bloom and Stephen ("I'd rather let my country die for me"), and there goes everybody. Or "Martha" ("She does as she pleases, she waits there for me"), or Gracie again on "Two Heads".

Gracie--who gives a damn how good Janis

Joplin is, she doesn't "cut" Gracie Slick, as if comparisons like that mean shit, anyway, Gracie can be just as scary as Janis is strong. Besides what's mentioned above, listen to her obligato on "Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil".

Their marvelous vocal harmonies, their lyrics and Gracie combine to make a conscience rending voice which may forecast incipient doom or make either knowing comment on the times or a plea to love which it seems senseless to resist.

The band was always tight and pretty skillful, and they're advancing in this respect, too. Jorma is getting to be a bitch with his whining drone (whining like a wolf or a giant insect) which he dextrously forms into laser-ray clusters of sound. He has a knack of launching tunes with biting intros. I particularly like him on "Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil", "Young Girls Sunday Blues", "Wild Tyme", and "Watch Her Ride". The bass' deep lines are punctuated by drumming which is not complex but resourceful and always right there, like Taurus playing drums.

It is this type of drumming which keeps "Spare Change" together. This is the Airplane's first recorded attempt at a long musical freak out. The cut perhaps reveals the work remaining for them to do. The bass gets into some nice jazz-like resonance-color things, too, but the guitar noodles around too much (some good ideas, sometimes), and instead of bringing it immediately into what he approaches at the end, he cuts it off there. More definition needed. "A Small Package of Value Will Come to You Shortly" is another departure, a John Cage (on acid?) electronic mix cross-fertilized by maybe Frank Zappa, which will set all your straight friends on edge.

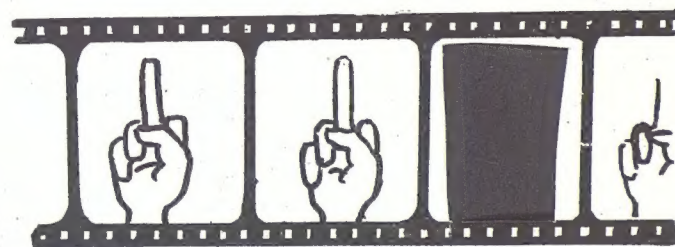
The whole LP is the kind of love offering which demands that you bring something of your own, because the more that you have to give, the more the cuts unfold and reveal yourself to you.

Cobb's (LA Free Press) cartoons are insane, horselips to everyone.

-Rich Mangelsdorff

THE NEW FORMS OF EXPRESSION REQUIRE
A NEW BREED OF CRITIC. WHERE ARE THE
CRITICS OF "THE NEW GENERATION"?

The choice between precious Avante-Gardism and lowest-common-denominator pap served up by critic-reviewers for the mass media is no choice at all. The Seed invites all free people to send us their reactions to current happenings in the Performing or Visual Arts. There has to be an alternative to the fossilized few who pass their damning 18th century judgement on the creative offerings of those who, if given the chance, may be able to REALLY bring a little more joy to the world.



FILM REVIEW COOL HAND LUKE

A film about freedom that cops out for a laugh at strong language (for films) and men making love to their hands now plays in our city. Even so a man is portrayed, free, and dedicated to back sass the bullshit of authority. Cool Hand Luke, destroyer of parking meters for they are as they read, violation. Because he is where its at in his own head, his mind ain't right for the captain and the bosses. He is free while in a cage and leg irons they enslaved to games and nonsense. The exercise of freedom so enrages the "Tree Men" that they must destroy it or be exposed. The really free one is and will not change, the paranoia of power is demonstrated, ultimate coercion applied victory. Luke grins the freedom grin and still is free. The watcher digs, reverently whispers PROVO and it is done.

Jonathan Tuttle



BRICE GORMAN

According to Grant Lewis' **ASTROLOGY FOR MILLIONS**, the masculine ancestry and that which is inherited from it are represented by the **SUN**. This includes the external nature of the individual, his physical characteristics, his expressiveness, his extraverted qualities, and the manner in which they assert themselves in contact with life.

The **SUN** also represents the physical organ of the brain and the soundness and strength thereof. It does not relate to intelligence or a weak brain, unstable, but considerable understanding & intelligence.

The **SUN** relates, too, to the physical structure of the nervous system, the glands--all that is physical. In the glandular system, the **Sun** relates to the pituitary, the gland of continued effort, esp. to the posterior lobe: the nerve cells, involuntary muscle cell, brain and sex tone.

The feminine ancestry and that which is inherited from it are represented by the **MOON**. This in general indicates the inner nature of the individual and the uses to which, within himself, he will put the physical attributes indicated by the **SUN**. It is the index to psychic and mental qualities as they arise from the brain, nerves, and glands indicated by the **SUN**.

The **MOON** indicates the inner nature, and how it will assert itself in the world or drive itself back into introversion. It represents intuition, understanding, inceptivity, the extent to which external impressions are assimilated into the intelligence, the directions which impressions take within the intelligence, and the direction they will take when, having been absorbed, they emerge from the intelligence in thought, speech, and action.

Since the mind relates to, and is influenced by, the nerves, the sympathetic nervous system, and the glandular system, the **MOON** relates to these. In the glandular system, the **MOON** relates to the **THYMUS**, gland of childhood; and later to the testes of the male and ovaries of the female.

The paths by which impressions reach the physical body for use by the brain are indicated by the antennae: **Mercury** and **Venus**.

MERCURY stands for the perceptive functions: the sensory antennae of sight, smell, taste, feeling. From **Mercury** we discover whether one will be acute or dull in his perceptions; mundane or idealistic in his outlook; practical or flighty, brilliant or slow. The same impressions may fall upon many, but each will sense them differently. The attributes of **Mercury** reflect back on the brain, **SUN**, and mind, **MOON**, for their final interpretation.

In the glandular system, **Mercury** relates to the pineal as the gland of brain development, and to the parathyroids in their function of citability of muscle and nerve.

VENUS stands for the sex-love-emotion principle in the Vitasphere and in human life, and has to do with **EMOTIONAL PERCEPTIVITY** much as **Mercury** has to do with sensory perceptivity. (**Mercury** and **Venus** are related to each other much as **Sun** and **Moon**: body and soul).

Venus in its reactions to emotional impulses is the ear and eye of the heart, as **Mercury** is the ear and eye of the brain. The relative prominence of the two will reveal if the person is "brain-minded" or "heart-minded". **Venus** will tell the kind of attention given the emotional opportunities he receives. In this way **Venus** is the index of human relations, showing how the person is attuned to human contacts and how he will react to stimuli rising from them.

In the gland system **Venus** relates to the thyroid gland, controller of the growth of specialized sex organs and tissues; and to the pineal in its function of sex development, adolescence and puberty.

MARS, JUPITER, AND SATURN relate the individual to the outer world: energy production and consumption, and reactions to experience.

MARS represents the energy principle in the Vitasphere and in life, relating to the thyroid as the gland of energy production. **Mars** shows the nature of energy production in the individual and the constancy and direction of its flow; its tendency to persist or to flag, to be steady or intermittent, to be well directed or the reverse, its usefulness to the individual, and the uses to which he will put it.

Since energy is basic to human life and progress, **Mars** is important in the understanding of life. **Mars** is primarily energy. It becomes sex only when it is directed along that line.

In the gland system **Mars** relates to the thyroid and to the adrenal glands in their function of producing energy for emergency, and to the parathyroids as they function in relation to nerve and muscle excitabilities.

JUPITER represents the absorptive and assimilative qualities of the Vitasphere. As **Mars** represents the outpouring of energies and the direction they will take going out of the individual, so **Jupiter** represents the indraw of energies and the effect that things in the outer world will have as they impinge on the inner nature. **Jupiter** shows less how a person will exert himself than how he will use what is thrown in his path--the interpretations he will give to experience, and the use of these.

Jupiter is an auxiliary antenna, conditioned to receive, not sensory-mental-emotional impressions, but experience impressions directly. For this reason, **Jupiter** is called the planet of luck: how one will absorb and assimilate and make use of that which comes to him. **Jupiter** represents the nature of the response from within that the knock on the door receives. **Jupiter** relates to the pancreas, the controller of sugar metabolism.

SATURN represents the first law of nature: self-preservation: the defense mechanism of the person which he puts up against himself, other people, and the world in general. This principle is basic in the understanding of the Vitasphere and the life it stands for.

Progress and success are but extensions of the law of self-preservation into active life, so **Saturn** represents ambition, or its absence, and what the individual will do about it. It is the defense principle in nature which in extroverts is ambition, progress, success or fame. **Saturn** relates to the pituitary as the gland of energy, consumption

and utilization (continued effort); also to its anterior lobe, controlling the growth of the skeleton and supporting tissue. Also to the parathyroids in their function as controllers of line metabolism.

URANUS and **NEPTUNE** relate to the super- and sub-consciousness of the individual, the flow of his psychic and creative energies, and the extent to which he can draw upon his hereditary and racial past for practical expression and use in life.

URANUS relates to the neuromentality and thus has a relationship to the **Sun**, which represents the physical nerve structure. **Uranus** relates to the reactions of the neuromentality rather than its physical structure, especially to the sympathetic nervous system and to involuntary reaction, physical and mental. It has to do with creative force, originality, and action. In its best form it is genius; in its worst, crankiness, eccentricity, violence, and destruction.

Uranus but heightens qualities already established by the other planets. It stands for the mental-artistic-intellectual-political creative principle--not the bio-creative principle; and indicates the extent to which the individual is endowed with originality and genius. **Uranus** causes persons to be "high strung" and "unpredictable". It gives a quickness of perception, a speed of logical application. It is not intuitive, but logical, in its actions; but its logic works so fast that it appears to be intuition.

Uranus represents the extension of perception into the realms of the superconscious mentality. It bears on the entire nervous and sympathetic nervous systems, which are related to the functioning of all the glands.

NEPTUNE represents the psychic mentality and is thus related to the **Moon**. It relates to that which, in the depths of the unconscious and subconscious is taken for granted by the inner nature, and which is projected thru the other attributes unconsciously or subconsciously. It can contribute to the highest reaches of exalted genius or to the lowest depths of inherited degeneracy, or to both in the same person.

Neptune is the index of racial and inherited psychic traits; and thus its effects are established and permanent, subject to almost no possibility of change. For the deepest understanding of the Vitasphere, except in highly aware individuals, its influence never penetrates the censor to rise into the realms of consciousness.

It may represent genius or insanity, inherited wealth or inherited poverty, hereditary brilliance or stupidity or anything between.

It related to all activities of the subconscious: inspiration, intuition, dreams, hallucinations, delusions, and all functions of the conscious and subconscious that are not primarily related to rational thought or logic. Like **Uranus**, it bears on no special gland, but influences all by its action, thru the **Moon**, on the mind and general intelligence.

#####FINI



Before gluing
Top down, punch hole in dot
in center and insert thread.
Attach match stick (or some-
thing) on underside as support
for hanging.

Peace

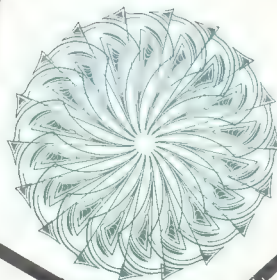
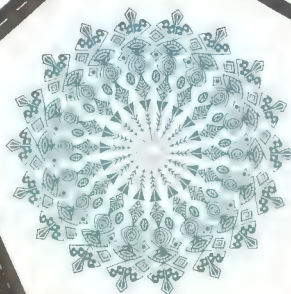
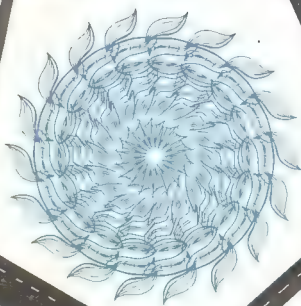
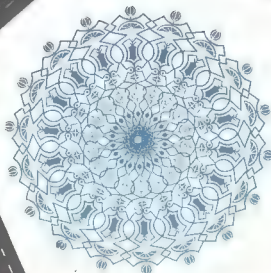


Sunshine Seymour

Have yourself
a Merry Little
Christmas

Paste on medium-weight cardboard
Cut around outside of entire design
Score dotted lines with paper clip.

Mary Jo Roman
Glue flaps - bend, and press into place
to form angles



Charles Myers

Lester Dore

Fran Robbitt



To The Chicago Seed

On 7th street here
I am hearing the image
of Paul Butterfield screaming
at a mega-drab-tank
making no small plans
cleanly marked
"We serve and protect"
My roots reach through the tollbooths
to Chicago
and the seed is beautiful
I went to buy candles here
where the bulletinboard is all California
and good grass the mayor digs bicycles and people
Now the Seed is on the table
from the second(after all) city.
Sure red air polluted eyes remember
the memorial day massacre
in Tompkins Square
but can one imagine a vast Brooklyn
on the shores of a once Fresh-water lake
in god's middlewest.

Has your friend ever just disappeared
under the flashing blue-light - gone
just gone.
and no WBAI to raise bail
and help keep the faith.
Yes it takes a lot of soul.
and out here there's
no way to tell about Cicero.

The Seed is beautiful
Yes In the media as media
the naked extension (reach-out)
of the Chicago Underground
Yes where the hawk blows so hard
you must dig like Hanoi street man
to protect your skin
just bound to reflect
more of Malcolm X
than Krishna consciousness
like more of Jimi Hendrix's experience
than Beatle's
Honest and East and West

I dig this backdoor view of public Chicago
(properly seen from a yacht-then the front-yard
well framed)
the recently bought culture boom
in the town that won't really tolerate artists
the clean bomb O. W. Wilson pro-cops
still a little blood under the fingernail
more efficient now-mechanical
with killer dogs.
and now in the last few years
a licensed neon playboy bohemian
for the Chamber of Commerce folders (the American etc.
I know West North lived on Juneway worked on 58th
and I know 63rd is what Chicago, has for Europe.
My neighborhood here may be the only all-color
urban flower in the new world.
Sure newly arrived Miss Hippie is slowly learning
just down from white topped up-state
and real black Africa is way uptown
not just across Divide Street.
Mayor Heffner and the council bunnies want me
Yes want me.... for the fun color
but their boxes are cold steel
and way out in St. Charles and Joliet.
(and you ask why I don't live here)
I must be free.
Brother Che knew jail is no place to be.
Yes New York is my good lover with clear voice
But a flower
any flower that grows
in front of a Fluorescent steelmind mill
in the smog
is just bound for glory.
spin the dangerous black and white city!
Soften her walls!
and sock it to her!
She really does want you.
The seed is beautiful

First a little respect

James Wells

free man



Uncle
Sam
wants
YOU
nigger

Become a member of the world's
highest paid black mercenary army!

Support White Power
— travel to Viet Nam,
you might get a medal!

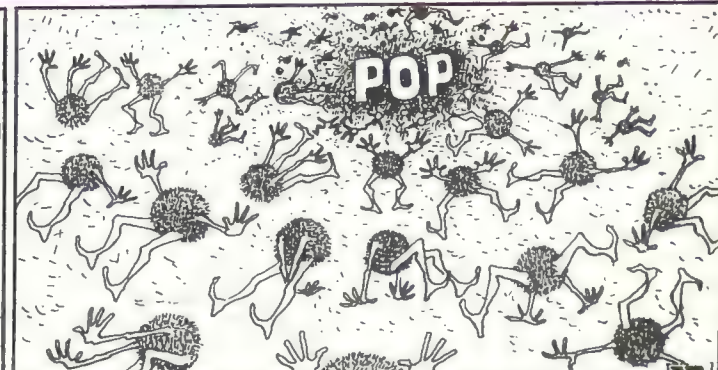
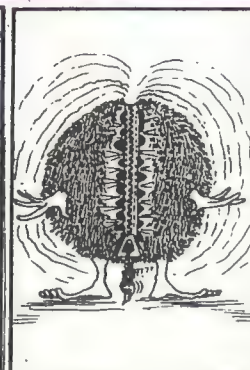
Receive valuable training in the skills
of killing off other oppressed people!

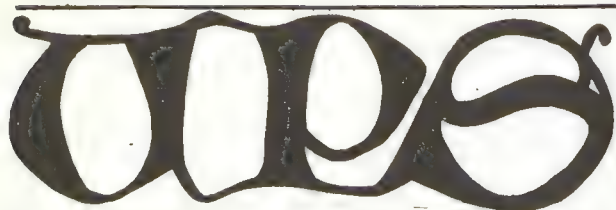
Fight for Freedom
... (in Viet Nam)

(Die Nigger Die — you can't die
fast enough in the ghettos.)

So run to your nearest recruiting chamber!

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG





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AN INDEPENDENT RUNNING ON A PLATFORM BASED ON ART AND PHILOSOPHY. HE IS DESCENDANT OF A GREAT LINE OF JEWISH MYSTICS. IT IS TIME FOR COMPLETE AWARENESS IN THIS COUNTRY.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
 JAMES BALDWIN
 (FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
 DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
 REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
 RAY BRADBURY
 ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
 REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
 JAMES FARMER
 W. H. FERRY
 DR. JEROME D. FRANK
 REV. STEPHEN H. FRITZMAN
 BEN GAZZARA
 DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
 NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN

DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
 PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
 BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
 DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
 TERESA B. HOFFMAN
 CHARLES H. HUBBEL
 SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
 PROF. DONALD KALISH
 EDWARD M. KEATING
 PHIL KERRY
 RING LARDNER, JR.
 RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
 LOUIS LIGHT, ESQ.
 DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
 VICTOR LUDWIG

HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
 SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
 NORMAN MAILER
 THOMAS MERTON
 SIDNEY MEYER
 EASON MONROE
 PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
 HENRY E. NILES
 DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
 AWA HELEN PAULING
 DR. LINUS PAULING
 BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
 RICHARD M. POWELL
 CARL REINER
 JANICE RULE

ROBERT RYAN
 DAVID SCHOENBRUN
 LORRY SHERMAN
 PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
 DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
 FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
 DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
 D. IAN THIERNANN
 BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
 LOUIS UNTERMEYER
 DICK VAN DYKE
 ROBERT VAUGHN
 DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
 DR. HARVEY WHEELER
 A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

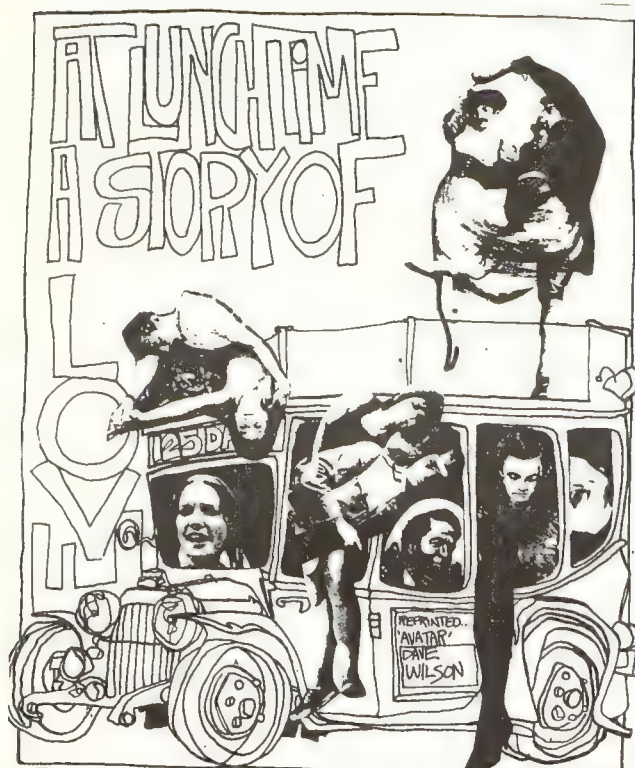
I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration

LOUIS ABOLAFIA FOR
 ~ PRESIDENT 1968 ~

~ "What have I got to hide?" ~

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE
 ABOLAFIA CAMPAIGN WRITE
 NATIONAL HQ AT 129 E. 4th ST.,
 N.Y.C., N.Y. OR CALL 248-9832,
 (CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS)





This issue, I would like to share with you, one poetic creation by Britain's Roger McGough. I found it while reading through a copy of a new Penguin Paperback, *The Mersey Sound*. The book is a collection of works by three Liverpool poets, Roger McGough, Brian Patten, and Adrian Henri. It is a very groovey book and I wish that many of you would go out and buy it so that Penguin will not be too upset with me for printing a whole poem instead of just a fragment.

In this following piece, Roger has managed to state or imply just about everything that I could hope to say in a lengthy column on the same subject.

AT LUNCHTIME A STORY OF LOVE

When the bus stopped suddenly to avoid damaging a mother and child in the road, the young lady in the green hat sitting opposite was thrown across me, and not being one to miss an opportunity I started to make love with all my body.

At first she resisted saying that it was too early in the morning and too soon after breakfast and that anyway she found me repulsive. But when I explained that this being a nuclear age, the world was going to end at lunchtime, she took off her green hat, put her bust ticket in her pocket and joined in the exercise.

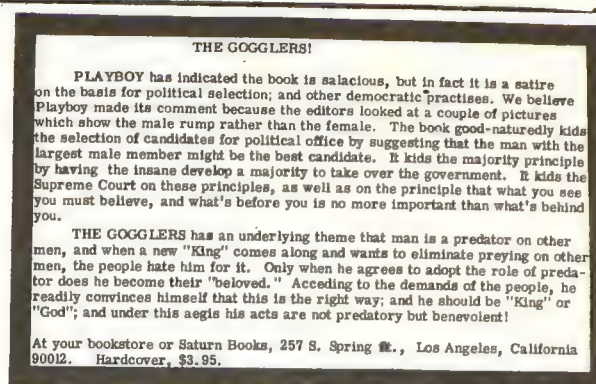
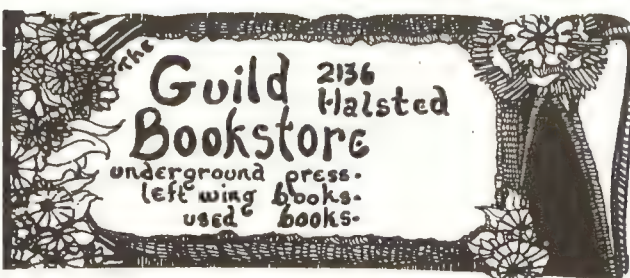
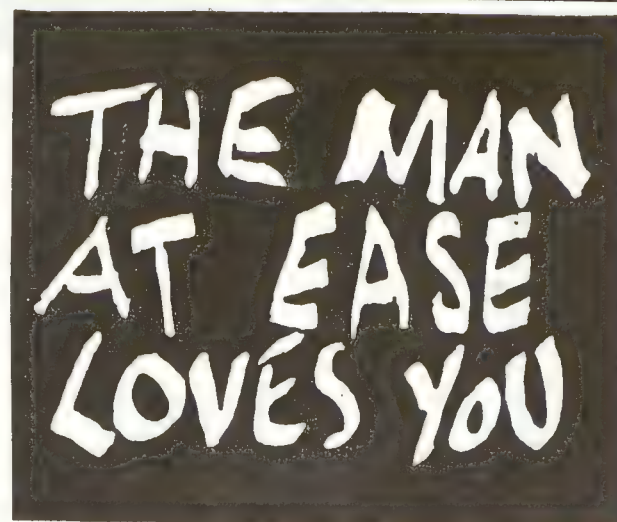
The bus people, and there were many of them, were shocked and surprised and amused and annoyed, but when the word got around that the world was coming to an end at lunchtime, they put their pride in their pockets with their bust tickets and made love one with the other. And even the bus conductor, being over, climbed into the cab and struck up some sort of relationship with the driver.

That night, on the bus coming home, we were all a little embarrassed, especially me and the young lady in the green hat, and we all started to say in different ways how hasty and foolish we had been. But then, always having been a bit of a lad, I stood up and said it was a pity that the world didn't nearly end every lunchtime and that we could always pretend. And then it happened...

Quick as a crash we all changed partners and soon the bus was a quiver with white moth-balled bodies doing naughty things.

And the next day
And everyday
In every bus
In every street
In every town
In every country

people pretended that the world was coming to an end at lunchtime. It hasn't. Although in a way it has.



Believe it or not, LNS scooped the Sun-Times, reporting in their mailing of Dec. 5 his quip, "I'm becoming the NAACP's answer to Twiggy," adding, "When I get into a cab the driver asks for the fare in advance." Home-boy Gregory is doing a Thanksgiving to Christmas fast and is an independent presidential write-in candidate. He says he is tired of waiting for Martin Luther King to get it together and plans a march from the Gettysburg battlefield to "Jericho-on-the-Potomac" on New Year's Eve. Watch for a big thing in the mass media: LOOK cover and headline, "America's Mohandas K. Ghandi?" and a half-hour CBS special with the same title, on or around Dec. 15.

"New York City is falling apart. There is nothing we can do about it. We had to let 'the underground' take over."

"Fun City cannot survive without qualified creative people who can create, produce and execute more and better fun for our populace to enjoy or otherwise they are going to leave and New York will become a ghost town."

These are the official words of the Lindsay administration concerning the First Memorial to the 20th Century Environmental Pops Festival which will take place next year at Flushing Meadows, Memorial Day May 31, and June 1 and 2. The city's fathers have seen their way clear to turning over the future of city planning "for fun and profit" to the Turned on Way out generations who know, if nothing else, how to live, love, and make merry.

Spearheaded by the Group Image and including the best talents in the underground (The East Village Other, Buckminster Fuller, The Grateful Dead, Pablo, and all kinds of Pop, Rock & Roll bands, every artistic commune in the U.S. doing psychedelia and light shows) the city has given over the grounds of the World's Fair for the experiment of the century. As on member of the Group Image put it, "The Lindsay Administration cannot disagree, as far as New York City is concerned, that 'Fun is our most important business.'"

The theme of this media burlesque show and fun house of the future will be 'Come dance with me on the grave of the World's Fair.' A 36 ft. high cube of 27 twelve foot cubes made of aluminum, plexiglass and vinyl will stand as the official symbol for the Underground's entry to Intergalactic world living. Twelve feet projections covering the height of the 36 foot high cube will be inundated with full length feature films like Ben Hur while the best rock & roll bands perform live on its surface. It

will be a total environment in sensual living where the mind, body and soul cohabit together in an orgy of sight, sound and color. Each pavillion, and there will be hundreds of them covering the old World's Fair grounds, will be a trip through the new city of God, a journey through the elysium fields of Mt. Olympus.

The Mayor has officially, as of last week, put the entire city on "Mind Alert." So New York Cit get ready! The phantasmagoria of the sweet life is just a train ride away via the IRT to Flushing Meadows. *evc*

Dep. Dist. Atty. Boyd E. Hornor of Santa Barbara, California, has resigned his office, charging that too much of his time was wasted prosecuting marijuana cases. *evc*



COP OF THE MONTH AWARD goes to Micheal Rande, undercover agent assigned to the Chicago Peace Council (???), who attempted to save his cover by exposing another agent as a "spy."

The Vanguard Bookstore at 1010 N. State, which opened officially three weeks ago, supports the activities of the Vanguard ministers, who are now five: our old friends Steve Whitehead and Mark Welch, and now Fr. Mike Duce (Jesuit) Fr. David Ward (Episcopalian) and Fr. Paul LaChance (Franciscan). The bookstore specializes in new paperbacks, both quality and popular, magazines, and a selection from the underground press, including the Seed. A Chicago authors' corner will soon appear, and paintings and sculpture by young Chicago artists are exhibited for sale. The coffee is always hot, browsing and conversation are welcomed. Regular hours are 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Steve Whitehead is an ordained minister of the Evangelical United Brethren, soon to merge with the Methodist Church as United Methodists. He received ministerial training in Hammond, Illinois, has pastored churches in Hammond and South Bend Indiana, where he directed the intercity Social Service agency. He studied social work at the Urban Training Center for Christian Mission in Chicago.

Mark Welch graduated from Elmhurst College and holds two divinity degrees, from the University of Chicago and Chicago Theological Seminary. He served as chaplain of the University of Washington in Seattle, before making the Chicago Skid Row scene (W. Madison) as a social worker. The five ministers of Vanguard are delighted to get down to the nitty-gritty with you over a cup of coffee, so whether you need a talk, a good book, or just to get warm, make the Vanguard Bookstore, or the Cellar, the Vanguard coffeehouse, on weekends. It's open from 8:30 on on Fridays and Saturdays.

"The old are only competent to do the job that they were brought up to do; that is, to operate with the out-of-date, over simplified stereotypes that were current in their youth... In those parts of our system which are concerned with research and technological development, either in education or in industry or in politics, no one should be allowed to hold any kind of responsible administrative office once he has passed the age of 55."--Dr. Edmund Leach

Liberation News Service is sponsoring its first National Lecture Tour. The tour, from Dec. 15 to early February, is by William R. Baird, founder and director of the Parents Aid Society. William Baird has been convicted in Massachusetts of disseminating birth control information and devices to students at Boston University at a speech there last April. He will be sentenced in February to a prison term which could be as high as 10 years. Local experts estimate he will get seven years. He is a man deeply committed to legalizing abortion and making birth-control information and implements available to all who need or want them. In the past, he has been instrumental in changing New York and New Jersey laws after arrests in both states. His clinic in Hempstead, Long Island, offers professional medical care and advice, and abortion referrals, free. It is almost \$50,000 in debt. He says laws against birth control and abortion work almost entirely against the poor, and takes his clinic into black and white poverty neighborhoods in a mobile van. The proceeds of his tour will enable him to bring his case to the Supreme Court for the purpose of overthrowing the archaic and cruel Massachusetts anti-birth control information laws. LNS will be pleased to book an appearance by Baird for your group. Transportation money must be provided and whatever contribution your group can afford. Bill is willing to travel anywhere if he can fit it into his schedule. CONTACT: LNS BAIRD SPEAKING TOUR with three alternative dates. Call if possible since his schedule is rapidly being filled. LNS, 3 Thomas Circle, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. (202) 393-7580. LNS



The Herbalist and Herb Doctor by Joseph E. Meyer, published by the Indiana Botanic Gardens in Hammond, Indiana, 1932, has this to say about our favorite herb:

Common name: Indian Hemp

Medicinal part: The flowering tops.

Description: This is an herbaceous annual, growing about three feet high, with an erect, branched, angular bright green stem. The leaves are alternate, or opposite, on long lax foot-stalks, roughish, with sharply serrated leaflets tapering into a long smooth entire point. The male flowers are drooping and long, the females simple and erect. The seeds are small, ash-colored and inodorous.

Foreign Indian Hemp, Cannabis Indica, or Cannabis, Sativa, is a native of the caucasus, Persia, but grows in the hilly regions of Northern India. It is cultivated in many parts of Europe and Asia; but medicine of value can only be made from the Indian variety, the active principle of the plant being developed only by the heat of the climate of Hindostan. The dried tops are the parts used. The preparations called Churrus, Gunja, Bhang, Hashish, etc., sold in this country are mostly feeble imitations of the genuine articles, and are comparatively worthless. Even the few specimens of the shops are sold at high prices are crude and inferior, and a matter of great difficulty to procure the genuine article even direct from dealers in India, unless you have had years of experience as a practising herbal physician, and have established business connections in various parts of the world as an importer of rare and pure medicinal herbs, barks, roots, resins, etc.

The Cabbabus Sativa, or common hemp, possesses similar properties, and can be substituted if the Asiatic hemp is not procurable.

Properties and Uses: It is narcotic, anodyne and antispasmodic. It has been successfully employed in gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, locked jaw convulsions, chereia, hysteria and uterine hemorrhage; but it is chiefly valuable as an invigorator of mind and body. Its exhilarating qualities are unequaled and it is a certain restorative in low mental conditions, as well as in cases of extreme debility and emaciation. In such cases it may be regarded as a real rejuvenator. It should be taken by the advice of one experienced in its uses, in order that its merits may be properly and fairly experienced. The spurious hemp should never be taken as it produces, what the genuine diws not, unpleasant consequences.

As this is a very powerful drug and poisonous in overdoes, I would advise all readers to use it only with advice of an experienced physician.

Dose: A teaspoonful of the herb to a pint of boiling water. Take a tablespoonful 2 to 4 times a day, cold. Of the tincture, 2 to 5 min.





The following is a copy of a letter mailed to his draft board in New Hampshire by Jonathan Tuttle, manager of the Door Coffeehouse.

Gentlemen

I am writing to you to inform you that as of December 4, 1967 I shall no longer co-operate in any way or form with the Selective Service System. Not only shall I not co-operate, I must actively resist. As a sign of my personal repudiation of the noxious system of conscription currently practiced by my government, as a first step in active creative resistance I shall turn in and refuse to own or carry draft cards.

I am compelled to the decision by personal, theological, and political considerations. As a free man I must protest the involuntary servitude. Since I can no longer bear the shame of even tacit acceptance of this particular misuse of power and the use of force implicit in conforming to this immoral legislation, I must refuse to co-operate. As a minister of religion I must condemn the way in which the Selective Service System has sought to buy off my dissent and insure my silence by a special draft exemption for ordained ministers. I resent this conspiratorial approach and reject the favored position so granted me. In order to speak effectively on the basic immorality of peacetime conscription and the real and present danger of giving our professional army and our political leaders access to unlimited manpower I shall join the struggle against the draft. As a Christian dedicated to finding and demonstrating a life style appropriate to God's plan for the world, a life style of freedom and love, I cannot accept as part of that life obedience to laws which are in direct opposition to such a way of living. Being committed to the radical humanism of God in Christ, I cannot tolerate in my life acceptance of coercion and will co-operate with others in non-violent resistance to all such attempts. Finally, since the traditional forms of petition for redress have proven or been declared by those in authority as ineffective new forms of protest must be and developed in an attempt to alter the immoral, illegal, and adventurous military and political policies presently engaged in in Southeast Asia and elsewhere. For these reasons, personal self esteem, commitment to the grace of God, Protestation of the war in Vietnam, and to demonstrate the church's legitimate concerns for morality and justice and right and because the accident of birth into citizenship in this great nation gives me an obligation to seek it's best interest I cannot nor will I obey the Selective Service Law.

I hereby declare my solidarity with those actively engaged in the resistance. I pledge myself to seek to eliminate by all non-violent means including civil disobedience and violation of unjust laws to end, abolish, or destroy the system of military conscription in the United States of America. "I can do no other, God help me."

Peace and Love to you,
Jonathan Tuttle

To the Editors:

I have recently become aware of a fact that is becoming a commonplace in some circles. The probable extent of its effect is not well known, however, or there would be more discussion on it.

The fact is the riot being planned for next summer in Chicago. The desired effect of the riot is exemplified by what it is called: The Revolution. The goal is to wrest power from those who now have it. But the course of the revolution is sheer conjecture at this point; everyone knows something immense is going to happen, but no one knows exactly what. Certain elements will kill haphazardly. Some will almost assuredly try to paralyze the city by hitting public utilities and expressways.

The revolution will not go unplanned--the ingenious crossfires in Detroit show that. There are handbooks on guerilla tactic. We know that only a handful of leaders of disaffected crowds are needed to wrack (sic) ruin of a city. As in the past the slums will burn. The white owned slum establishments will go. Who can say about the white neighborhoods?

The revolutionaries will be those sufficiently disenchanted with American society, largely the poor Negroes. But certainly there will be poor whites also. There is the class element as well as the racist element.

The common prediction of the date is during or just preceding the Democratic Convention in August. Mayor Daley has promised no trouble. And enough people know about it now so that there are sure to be National Guardsmen standing by. Whether or not this will precipitate earlier action cannot be speculated yet.

It is also disturbing to note that the War Resistance has focused on the Democratic Convention as its next major target. Although many of them are also speaking of revolution, they haven't a large enough following yet to plan anything. But the angrier ones may join. It certainly would be unfortunate if the majority, largely peaceful people, were killed.

Needless to say, the revolution will not keep control. One Negro writer predicts that within five years Negroes will be hated with a vehemence thus far unequalled in history.

One black power delegate to the New Politics Convention suggested to a friend that she leave Chicago. She is taking his advice. A welfare worker I know considers the revolution common knowledge. She is leaving. I have reliable second-hand knowledge of a white social worker who plans on fighting with them. SNCC is moving its operations to Chicago. The ghetto news medium, paint on buildings, announces "The Blackstone Rangers have sold out." The Rangers, a powerful South-side gang, helped stop last summer's uprisings. It is well known now that their leaders were bought off by the Daley machine. Next summer no one will listen to them.

We know from Detroit how trigger-happy soldiers are; they shot at shadows in windows and up through floors. One doesn't know from which side one may be killed.

Like many other people who have heard just too much about the coming trouble to doubt it any longer, I am getting out. Sane men are not happy dead. I advise others so dedicated to at least the minimum of health to get out or stay away as the case may be.

Sincerely,
Philip Teich

What can we say of this letter? James Wells poem/letter we think accurately reflects the spirit of Chicago, yet we choose to remain here; our new office is at 1406 Sedgwick, into the fringes of the ghetto, and we feel at least no more fear from our black brothers and probably less than from the blue-eyed soul brothers on the other side of North Ave. We are tired of running; that's why we're doing this thing called the Seed. If this thing happens, we'll stay out of the way--revolution has no place for those who do not carry guns. If this thing happens we'll be there afterwards to help clean up, share food and skills with whoever needs them. In the meantime, help us get it together. There are infinite possibilities and infinite alternatives to bloody revolution. Let us find and implement them.

(a postcard, unsigned)
the smell of a burnt draft card is ugly I have no time to hate

Dear Seed,

Our State of Ill. Has a terrible problem which I would like you and your brilliant staff to think about. The problem is that our state has dress codes in its public schools. This past two weeks I have been forced to stand in our school's office for an hour every night after school because of violations of the dress code. And now I have to get my hair cut or else I will not be admitted into one of my classes and my hair is not that long. In California not too long ago they brought up this problem and it went to the Supreme Court of that state and the students won the debate. The same thing has happened in the state of New York but the Federal Supreme Court did not decide on the problem. I think something ought to be done in this state.

I think your magazine is the cockest thing yet. But I think you should put lyrics of pop songs in your magazine.

Could you give me information on when Jimi Hendrix is going to play in Chicago? I would like to see him.

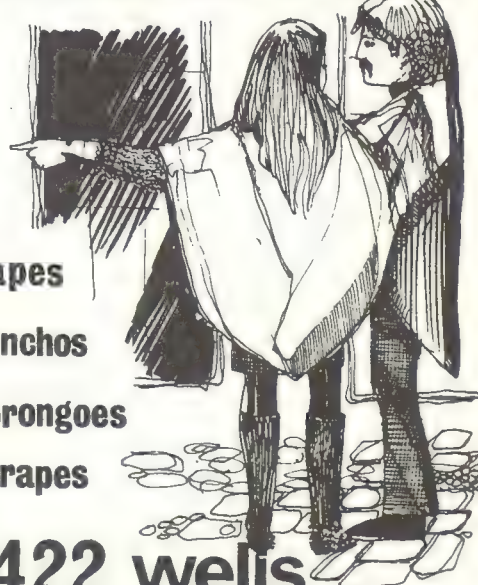
Me and the rest of the "non-greasers" are expecting an answer from you.

Truly against war Yours

Chuck (Chad) Martin

Dear C.C. It's late at night and I'm the only one here to answer your letter so we'll have to do without the counsel of the rest of our brilliant staff. About your hair, if you want to attend that class then either get a lawyer and expect a couple of years of hassles, by which time you will be ready for college where they don't care, or cut your hair. If it doesn't matter, drop out of school. I personally protest the presence in my life of cops courts jails and taxes, to use one of Joffre Stewarts favorite phrases, and have as little to do with them as possible. Also, I am over twenty and have never heard this adjective cockest but I will assume it bears good connotation. Watch our calendar for where and when the action is. Lastly, there will be no end to war as long as men think in terms of "greaser" and "non-greaser" (what is a non-greaser anyway, Westmoreland could be, so could Mao and Lassie). It is up to us, to YOU, to find ways of breaking down this system of blind language that keeps men from recognizing their brothers in all men. LD

STUDIO TWO



capas

ponchos


horongoes

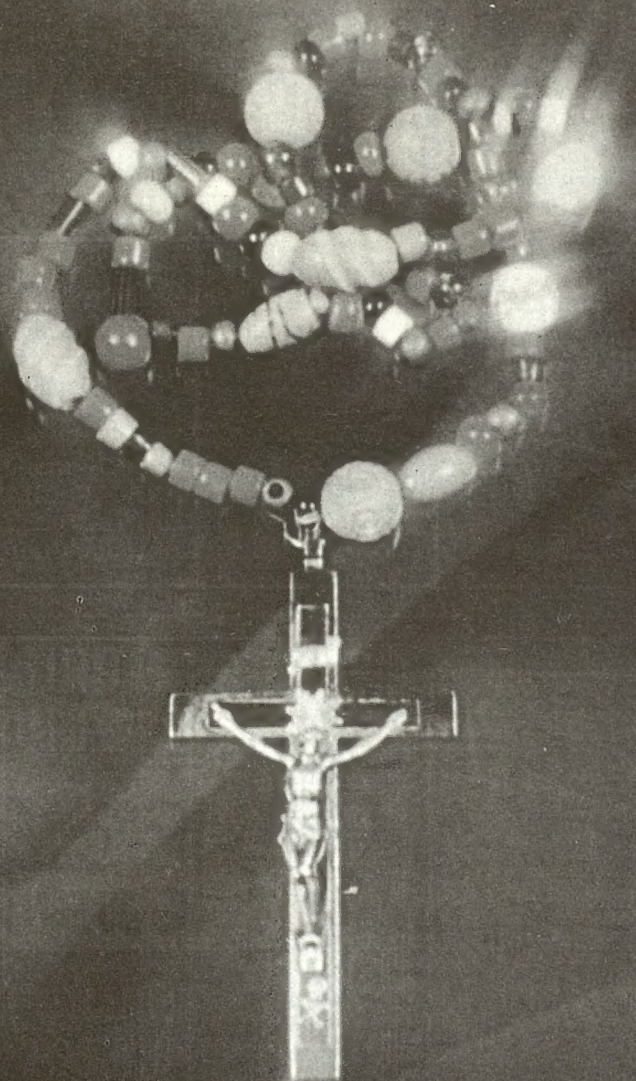
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AWAKE

Mass
THE ELECTRIC PRUNES
in F minor

reprise 
6275



COMPOSED BY DAVID AXELROD

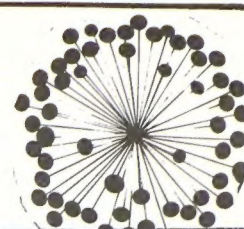
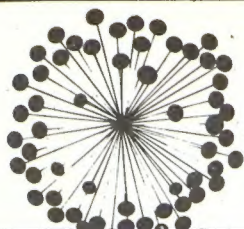
PRODUCED BY DAVE HASSINGER

**IN THE CHURCH OF THE MIND, THERE ARE CHANGES.
FOR TODAY, THE ELECTRIC PRUNES CREATE
"THE MASS IN F MINOR."
ON REPRISE RECORDS.**

reprise
RECORDS



6275



Male art student, creative, interesting, intelligent, amiable, gregarious, personable, etc., interested in all facets of art and life. Desires room, board and a place to work in exchange work, am excellent cook. Also am serious and honest. All responses answered Box 5 c/o The Seed, 1406 N. Sedgwick, Chicago.

Unique and interesting person wishes to meet other people who are exciting and spontaneous. Box 22, 1406 N. Sedgwick c/o Seed Publishing, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Strange Name will contact mind, body and/or soul for coffee upon return to Chicago in mid January. Yours in peace, love, wisdom and all that is natural strange and wonderful. Box 101.

Man 20 wants swinging weekends with yng cples or sngles. Respond with a GOOD TIME ad in next issue of Seed.

Two straight guys (students) want chick to share 5 rm. Old Town apart. Own room no strings \$25 month and a reasonable attempt to keep filth level minimal. Stable type person preferred. Call after January 8th, Ask for Steve 664-2936.

Young discriminating male student seeks big guy companion. No fem types! Good looks and build 19 - 30. Contact through Box #120, The Seed, 1406 N. Sedgwick, Chicago. Inclu. photo.

Waitresses needed. Apply Johnny's Fine Foods, 1507 N. Sedgwick.

Bright creative male 19 who is fully aware of own hangups and abilities digs the wind, the cold, water, mountains, sunshine, warmth, beauty, grace, earthiness, sophistication, peace, awareness, the old the new and experimental, oriental rugs, harpsicord music, organization, chaos, and life itself. Dislikes stupidity, complete ignorance, abject poverty, boundaries, restrictions, hatred, war and assholes. I am defensive and slightly afraid of reality and complete honesty with noncommittal world, and am rapidly becoming superficial. I would like to meet similar individuals, preferably female but not necessarily, with whom I can continue to grow in intellect and appreciation of the "ALL." Would like to hear from anyone who can help or commiserate with a person who is suffocating in "our" present society. Write to 1509 N. Sedgwick, Chicago, Ill 60610 Apt. 3.

Would the person who so kindly offered the cello please call the Seed? We lost the address and phone number in moving.

Are you capable of accepting all rationally logical statements regardless of emotional implications or "unholiness"? Tried 3 Univ.'s, only 1 such mentality. Curiosity sole motive. Reply Box X, the seed.

I wish sales or office work in Old Town area. Reliable, experienced. 33 yrs. old. Paula 944-5109

Xmas gifts from India-greeting cards 6/\$1, water pipe-brass \$ 5, wooden \$3, incense 80¢, etc. Free price list. Indiacrafts. P. O. B. 853 San Francisco, Calif. 94101 dealers enquiry invited.

10:47 -- Freaky new Canadian underground magazine, sample 50-page copy 25¢, 5-issue subscription \$1. Freak out now, write 10:47 Box 535, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada. Love, Jim Rodger, Ed.

New Electric theatre coming to Chicago. Looking for filmmakers, electronic technicians, artists. Contact Sunshine at the Seed.

Sunshine Seymour, Seed Secretary, needs crib & roommate (male or female). Contact Sunshine at the Seed, 337-4534.

THE MALE NUDE IN ART; Send \$1 for your 110-model catalogue. Adults only. LEDNAR ARTS, Box 1851, San Francisco California 94101.

Teenyboppers, hippie chicks, mod types, etc, needed by our photography studio to model latest British pop fashions. The type of girl we need has clear skin, good hair, and a lean, long-limbed body. No experience necessary. Send recent photo to: Wilson Studios 235 East Ontario Chicago, 60611

Photographer seeks figure models -- Amateur or Professional -- Call The Seed 337-4534

Shy working engineer needs one intelligent (or at least reasonable) female to support or believe in or what. Small children no obstacle. Call nonetheless. 9 thru 4 at 384-7100X24.

First European Diggers shop is looking for hippie and psychedelic articles (posters etc). Please make us an offer. Diggers shop 142 Prins Hendrikkade Amsterdam, Holland

SINGLE MEN OVER 21 Male nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine carries all info. State age, send \$3.00 to Solstice Society, Dept. S. U., Box 3775, Van Nuys, Ca. 91407

The (on)Whim WHO AM I (the Om/I'm/None/Kemlock Logos) I AM GOD! (Armageddon Om! I God Am!/Godam) (Who's squi/Who Eli/Hoben) former Creation/Meant "Ram" has now been logically succeeded by (on EGO) WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? (Walter Bqwart What About) (the 2nd Whirled Wha (Who's on first, What's on 2nd.)/Watts Kali Foreign/Fer In Ya' Writes/Warlock Lox). Hippies Hebies, Psychedelic Say "Cadillac" (for Catholic), Vibrations Generations of Viners. Fingernails & toenails (Santa Claws) are the Nails in the Hands & Feet of Jesus. LOVE is the 2 names in Old Testament Meant, El(Hell) plus Yhwh (Your Way/ Jove/Jehovah), as is JEWEL/JAHVOHL. Mental meant "All": the Wha in Korea was whether to halve a Career. Mary, Christ Miss. Write for free huge 8 p. Nu Yoga Siddhi Version of the Eternal Teaching (Dharma/Torah/Logos) to Benedict Schwartzberg, 610 E. 13, NY. BIBLE: "Be I, be Eli"; BUS: "Be us" ("Brama, Vienu & Biva are I!"; Gurdjieff: Gurudev/God I If; Helochim Harlem, & Lady Is Is teaches, as Shi Thoth, the Ygyppedian Mysteries: Negroes Nekros, Nile Nail/Nihil, Sahara Sarah, Pharaoh Fair O ("The Wheel is fair!" Welfare/Ferris Wheel/Farewell), Pyramid Brahma Id, Sphinx Spanks (Racial Rachel, Hiya Leah races). Christmas Tree: Christ Mystery: Yeshiva:Yoshua:You're Shiva. Dante Aleghieri is a Dandy Allegory, a cult that differs is difficult. In der beginning vas der Void; the Mts. made of rock(St. Peters)are mental blocks (stores stories/Satoris). LSD: El said; World: Word of Eli; El Avator: Elevator; El be John's son(Elvis Presley: Eloi's Pres. Eli); Washington: Was in Garden; Russia: Roshi(Groucho:Guruji) (He Roshi, Ma!). Ve et 'n ommm! Australia: Astral Ya' (kangaroo: Can Guru; ostrich: Oz Trick). The Triple Veil is the All creating-destroying itself ("Think you"), fucking itself ("Fuck you") & eating itself (I reap-eat myself). Death is anagram for "hated" (cops corpse, mother murder, child killed). Conditioning: Candy shunning; Caucasian: Cooky shun: Caucasians are tan, not "white" --Say "tan", Satan!. Cancer: conquer; eyeball optic: epileptic. Apaches pot cheese (comanches common cheese); canoe: are o' Noe. Announcement! An ounce meant! Oz. meant Oz! Greenwitch Village is Oz!

Need commercial art and photography apprentice. Part time or possibly full time gig. Phone 642-9799 after 5 weekdays or anytime Saturday or Sunday. Ask for Jim.

HELP WANTED

Young woman to sort new dating service applications: Merchandise Mart, P. O. Box 3778, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

Swingers with Polaroids! Get with it! Guys and gals all over are enjoying the excitement of exchanging their personal photos with others of the same interests. If you own a Polaroid, don't miss this chance to meet hundreds of new friends. Write for free information. Box 35181, Elmwood Park, Ill. 60635. Several people have sent in \$5 as requested and heard no more. It is advised for anyone else to disregard doing this and we apologize for running the above.

Two year old psychedelic domestic shorthair; female; was black before acid, now tortoiseshell calico schitz. Needs loving home, good vibes. Call 525-7101.

Lynnette Zahue or anyone having knowledge of her, please come to Seed Office(1406 N. Sedgwick) some afternoon. She will not be busted, harangued, or harassed in any way.

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CHICAGO

NOW

The Allen Frumkin Gallery, 620 North Michigan, is having a show of American Prints. Among the artists shown are: Winslow Homer; George Bellows; Edward Hopper; and Jasper Johns. Through January 12.

The B. C. Holland Gallery, 155 East Ontario, is having a group show. Mirelle, Kandinsky, and other artists.

Vanguard Bookstore, 1010 North State, open from 11:30 a.m. to 4:00 a.m. Free coffee, talk. Also The Cellar, 1718 North North Park, open from 8:30 to ? on Fridays and Saturdays. We exhibit and sell pictures and anything you make/we keep 30%--you have the rest.

Sculptures of Polynesia exhibit at the Chicago Institute of Arts. Through December 31.

Goodman Theatre presents "The Balcony" by Jean Genet. Premiere in English of author's new version. Directed by Patrick Henry. Through Dec. 20. \$3.50 on weeknights.

The Adele Rosenberg Gallery is having a joint show of drawings, sculptures, and prints by Jerome Walker and Edward Dickerson. Open Tuesday-Sat., 11 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Through January 12.

At the Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 East Ontario: light experience, "Pink and Gold." Also group entitled "Fantastic Drawings and Chicago Collections." Through January 14.

December 15

The Natural Child will open a new section called "The Inferno".

The Little Boy Blues at Like Young, 1335 N. Wells. Open 7:30PM to 1AM. Admission \$2.50. Free Film Night at the Guild Bookstore, 2136 N. Halsted. The following will be shown: "The Street," "The City," and "The Great Depression." Starts at 8 p.m.

Public Lecture and Gallery Comparisons. Meliore Toscano and Paul Cezanne, John Parker. 12:15 pm. Art Institute.

December 15th and 16th

Joe Lomuto will appear at The Door, 3124 North Broadway, at 9:30 and 11:30 pm. There will be no cover charge but limited seating.

Neil Diamond, H. P. Lovecraft, and The Family at the Cheetah. Open 8 pm - 2 am on Fridays, 8 pm to 3 am on Saturdays. Admission. \$4.00.

December 16

The Shape and The Bangor Flying Circus will be appearing at Like Young, 1335 N. Wells. Open 7:30PM to 1AM. Admission \$2.50.

December 17

Joe Lomuto at The Root, 3260 West Armitage, at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.00.

Like Young will have the Little Boy Blues. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.

Public Lecture: Sculpture from Polynesia, Rodney Quiriconi. 3:30 p.m. Fullerton Hall, Art Institute of Chicago.

December 18

The Natural Child, 1935 North Sedgwick, will be having a rock show every night from 6 pm to 10 pm for approximately 3 weeks.

GENERAL INTEREST

Auditions for Theatron '67, a community theatre group sponsored by the Chicago Park District, any evening. From 7:30 pm to 10:00 pm at the Pulaski Park Fieldhouse, 1419 Blackhawk. Phone AR 6-0611. Scheduled for production this season are "Tiger at the Gates", "Luther", "The Resistable Rise of Arturo Ui", "The Trial", and "The Iceman Cometh".

December 18th and 19th

Aardvark Cinematheque, 1608 N. Wells, presents a premiere of new films by young Chicago filmmakers. Ron Taylor's Motherlove, Tom Palazzolo's, "America's in Real Trouble", Howard Sturgis', "It's Getting Better All the Time", and several others will be shown. Showings at 7 pm, 9 pm, and 11 pm. Admission \$1.75.

December 19

Lectures: Sculpture of Polynesia, Marcia Fergestad. Drawings from Princeton University, Joseph Rishel.

Public Lecture: Drawings from Princeton University, Joseph Rishel. 6:30 pm. Fullerton Hall, The Art Institute of Chicago, Mich. & Adams.

December 19 & December 21

Public Lecture: Sculpture of Polynesia, Marcia Fergestad. 12:15 pm. Morton Hall, The Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan & Adams.

SOON

Lighting and Environment exhibit at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Also photographs of happenings in the lower gallery. Through Jan. 14.

December 20

Aardvark Cinematheque presents "Eros 68" (The Underground Looks at Love). First color showing of "Venus and Adonis" by Tom Palazzolo. Also "Mat", a 40 minute film by Ron Taylor, and several others by young Chicago filmmakers. You must be 18 or over. Admission \$1.75. Through December 27.

The Flock will be playing at Like Young, 1335 North Wells, 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.

The Dell Gallery, 620 North Michigan. Exhibited will be small paintings, sculpture, drawings, and graphics, by 25 artists. Through Jan. 18.

December 21

Film: The Lower Depths, French, directed by Jean Renoir, 91 minutes. 7:30 pm in Fullerton Hall, Art Institute. Free to Members, 75¢ general admission.

DEC. 21 & 22

The Exceptions at Like Young, 1335 N. Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission: \$2 on Thursday; \$2.50 on Friday.

December 22

At the Cheetah: The Royal Guardsmen and the 8th Day. Open from 8 pm to 2 am. Admission \$4.00.

DEC. 23 & 25

The Little Boy Blues will be at Like Young, 1335 North Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission: \$2.50 on Sat., \$2 on Monday.

December 24

Watch channel 25 at 11:30PM when Mr. Wizard will demonstrate how to make Lysergic Acid Dimethylamide.

DEC. 27

Michael and the Messengers at Like Young, 1335 North Wells, open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.

December 28

The Lower Depths, Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa. 125 minutes. Fullerton Hall, The Art Institute. Admission free to members, 75¢ to others.

Aardvark Cinematheque, 1608 N. Wells, shows "Not on Your Life", an Italian comedy, scheduled for a three week run. Showings at 7 pm, 9 pm, and 11 pm. Admission \$1.75.

The Little Boy Blues again at Like Young, 1335 North Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.

DEC. 29

The Faded Blues will be appearing at Like Young, 1335 North Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.50.

DEC. 30 & 31

The Little Boy Blues are Back at Like Young, 1335 North Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.50 on Sat., \$2 on Sunday.

DEC. 31

The Natural Child is having a New Year's Party from 10p.m. until dawn. A \$10 cover charge covers all food and drinks. Music provided by the Tony Hare Quintet. You must have an ID to prove you are over 21. 1935 North Sedgwick.

New Year's Eve

The Cheetah presents Baby Huey. Also appearing: The Rovin' Kind. Open 8 pm til 3 am or later. Admission \$4.00.

JAN. 3

Like Young, 1335 North Wells, will have the Sunshine Gospel Mission. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission \$2.

JAN. 5, 6, 7

The Little Boy Blues at Like Young, 1335 North Wells. Open 7:30 p.m. - 1 p.m. Admission \$2.50.

January 6th and 7th

At the Cheetah The American Breed, The Troys, and the Y-Knots. Open 8 p.m. - 2 a.m. on Fridays.

January 7

Faculty recital at Northwestern University. Samuel Thazio on the violin, accompanied by Lawrence Davis on the piano. Free and open to the public. 3:30 pm at Lutkin Hall, 700 University Place, Evanston.

January 14

Dorothy Lane will present a Harpsichord recital at 3:30 pm. Lutken Hall, 700 University Place, Evanston. Free and open to the public.

Art Institute of Chicago. Drawings from Princeton University. Through December 26.

Kazmir Gallery 620 N. Michigan Showing of Young Generation Structurists. Through January 19.

LEADERS

Beware of leaders, heroes, organizers,
Watch that Stuff. Beware of Structure-freaks
They do not understand.

We know the sytem doesn't work because
we're living in the ruins. We know that leaders
don't work out because they have all lead us
only to the present, the good leaders equally
with the bad. (Who caused more suffering,
Hitler or St. Paul?) It doesn't matter whether
the leader is good or bad: Leading per se is
bad. The medium is the message, and the
message of leadership is Vietnam,
Concentration camps. The Great Society,
Riots on Haight Street.

What The System calls organization—linear
organization—is a systematic cage,
arbitrarily limiting the possible. It's never worked
before. It's always produced the present
And heroes are only heroes, nothing more.
Any man who wants to lead you is the man.
Think: Why would anyone want to lead me?
Think: Why should I pay for his trip?
Think: L.B.J. is our leader—and you know Where that's at.
Watch out for cats who want to play the
systems games, 'cause you can't beat the System
at it's own games, and you know that.
Why should we trade one Establishment for another?

FUCK LEADERS

Text By the Communications Co. San Francisco.

